

# THE AMARANTH.

A SEMI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION, DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, POETRY AND AMUSEMENT

VOLUME I.

ASHLAND, OHIO, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1847.

NUMBER 4.

## THE MUSES' COLUMN.

Original.

Written upon receiving a Rose plucked from a Grave-Yard.

BY MISS E. MARSHALL.

TELL me upon what lowly bed  
Thy lovely leaves their fragrance shed?  
Say, did the wise, the good, the just,  
Lie 'neath thee mould'ring in the dust?  
If so thou wert by nature given  
To lead our thoughts from Earth to Heaven.

Or did'st thou rise an emblem fair  
Of youth and beauty slum'ring there?  
Then thou hast seen the mourners bear—  
And heard the broken, fervent prayer—  
Witnessed the heart, by sorrow riven,  
In faith look up from Earth to Heaven.

And hast thou seen the thoughtless tread  
Careless and lightly o'er the dead?  
Hast seen the laugh, and heard the jest  
Within that sacred place of rest?  
Forgetful they that time was given  
To train the soul on Earth to Heaven.

And when thy leaves all faded lie,  
O teach me then that I must die,  
But when I sleep within the tomb,  
Upon my grave may roses bloom,  
And may the soul which God has given,  
When loosed from Earth, arise to Heaven.

Original.

### The Butterfly.

BEAUTIFUL thing, with tiny wing,  
Bright as the gayest flowers,  
Thou should'st be forever free,  
Roaming 'mid sylvan bowers.  
And when comes night, with stars so bright,  
The bosom of some sweet rose,  
Serves for a nest, wherein to rest,  
And seek thy night's repose.  
Thou art up with the sun. Ah! then there's fun,  
Sipping the sparkling dew,  
That softly fell, in the tiny bell  
Of the violet bright and blue.  
When with wild delight, a child gets sight  
Of thy wing of brightest hue,  
Then there is a chase, and with laughing grace,  
The child it doth pursue.  
But Autumn's breath, brings to thee death,  
And thou sink'st again to repose,  
But thou never again, in sunshine or rain,  
Will shelter thyself in a rose.

LILY OF VIOLET DELL.

BENEFICENCE.—To relieve the helpless is the greatest happiness which man is allowed to taste in this life.

MARRIAGE seldom goes by merit. The most beautiful girl often marries the most ordinary man; and it is not unusual to see a man of eminent abilities united to a homely, sour, and illiterate woman.

Original.

### What I Dreamed.

'Twas a glorious morn, as I wandered on,  
Alone in a mighty wood;  
The winds were still, but a gushing rill  
Broke the deep solitude.  
The emerald leaves waved in the breeze,  
But hushed was their music-moan,  
And flowers light beamed on my sight  
From their silken mossy throne.  
The air was filled with sweets distilled  
From the breath of the blushing rose,  
And the silent brook danced up to look,  
But wept at the lily-bells close.  
The sun glanced down without a frown,  
On things so pure and sweet,  
And fell in folds of chequered gold  
Beneath my straying feet.  
All things were fair—the very air  
Brought sweetness to my soul,  
While o'er my head the white clouds sped,  
Like pure unsullied scrolls.  
As I sat me down with a thoughtful mind,  
My memory plumed her wing;  
Then away she flew through the ether blue,  
And with sweet toned voice did sing.  
She sped away thro' forest and brae,  
O'er mountain and city and vale;  
Then with weary wing, came back again  
And told me a sorrowful tale.  
Sad, sad was my heart as I turned to depart,  
And hasten away to my home;  
When my soul was thrilled and my spirit filled  
With a beautiful music-tone.  
Oh! sweet was the sound, and I gazed around  
With wondering wild delight;  
But no mortal was near, and I felt a fear,  
It might be some fairy sprite.

Now the strains rose clear and wild on the air,  
And a soul seemed to live in each note;  
But as softer and sadder the strains become  
I heard a voice and it spoke:  
'Come near to me lady, I'll teach thee to weave  
A song in whose numbers a spirit shall breathe;  
I'll give thee my lute, 'tis a beautiful thing,  
And its voice shall be mingled with thine as you sing.  
I'm the Goddess of Music, but I will resign  
My heavenly office to thee and to thine;  
But guard well the treasure, or it may depart,  
And sad then and lonely will be thy young heart."  
I started and trembled as trying to say  
I would willingly all her sweet counsel obey,  
When a delicate lute, of the brightest of pearl,  
Was dropped at my feet by a beautiful girl.  
Her robe was as white as the new drifted snow,  
And upon her soft cheek was a rosy glow;  
I gazed but a moment, and then she was gone,  
Like some zephyr she fled at the morn's early dawn;  
As I snatched up the lute, changed, oh changed was  
the scene, [dream.  
And I found I'd been wrapped in a soft pleasing  
Ashland, O. LILY.

COOL.—Sir Walter Scott tells a story of a gentleman who, irritated at some misconduct of his servant said—  
"John, either you or I must quit this house."  
"Vera weel, sir," said John, "where will your honor be ganging to?"

Original.

### The Heart-Broken.

BY MRS PHLOMEL S. WEED.

Why doth the maiden linger  
Beside the casement there?  
Why are those orange blossoms  
Entwined with her dark hair?  
Why is her tiny finger  
By that rich circlet bound?  
Why are her eyes so often  
Cast down upon the ground?  
I'll let you in the secret—  
This is her bridal day;  
The bridegroom still is absent—  
Why stays he thus away?  
She will not think him faithless,  
"Oh! no—it cannot be!—  
Some accident detains him,  
He soon will be with me."  
Another long hour passes,  
And yet he is not here—  
Now maiden! nerve your heart-strings  
The dreadful truth to hear!  
The one you loved so dearly,  
Is perjured,—and his vow  
No longer is remembered!  
Maiden! God help thee now!  
As the sapling of the forest  
Is blighted by the storm,  
So was the maiden's life—hope  
All withered now and torn!  
They bore her to the charnel,  
They laid her in the grave,  
And to His hands resigned her,  
Who is mighty still to save.

Jackson, April 1, 1847.

Selected.

### A Funny Bill of Items.

THE following is a bill of items lately introduced in a trial of a breach of promise case before a court in New Hampshire;

MR. ELIPHALET —,

To Miss DELIAH —, DR.

To dancing three cotillions on first acquaintance, ..... \$15 00  
To value of three sighs and one dream that night, ..... 250 00  
To thinking of the color of his eyes one day at church, ..... 488 00  
To going to the races with him after refusing six other beaux, ..... 225 00  
To cutting three fine fellows to please him, ..... 93 00  
To making a watch chain, ..... 120 00  
To cost of materials for doing, ..... 75  
To 5 romps and 2 flirtations, ..... 144 00  
To tearing a gown and bursting a stocking in said romps, ..... 7 31  
To one kiss—stolen, ..... 125 00  
To allowing him to kiss my cheek 10 times without flinching, ..... 110 00  
To a long walk by moonlight, including sentiment lost, ..... 270 00  
To thirty blushes when he popped the question, ..... 600 00  
To my heart—alas! ..... 1 94

Original.

### Letters to my Ideal Correspondent: NO. I.

PARDON me, my ETHERIA, for replying to your packet of sweet thoughts, through the AMARANTH; but I love its meaning, and would fain have our correspondence *Amaranthine*. How sweetly you talk to me, and how grateful I am that you deign to favor me with such a wealth of beautiful fancies—images fresh from the Ideal World. You desire to know who have been added to my coterie of choice spirits: Ah, as many as there are colors in the rainbow, and as different; and it only seems needful to have you among us, to complete our circle—and a magic one it would then be!

A Sybil told me my fortune the other day, and I must tell it to you: I am to

—“Dwell in some bright little isle of my own,  
In the blue summer ocean, far off and alone—  
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,  
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers.”

How delightful! Just such a life as I should love with our little band to share my empire! The days all bloom and brightness, with beauty-beaming bowers and cloudless skies; and the nights—ah the delicious nights of the south with their brilliant stars, and singing birds, and whispering leaves, varied by the grand melody of old ocean's sounding surges!—should we not be happy! Ah, how well can we appreciate such loveliness. But I had nearly forgotten your request, and now I will describe! First, I shall give you a picture of STELLA, who is at this moment bounding out of my sight on her first errand to the yet leafless woods, to watch for the appearance of the earliest violet that passes above the soil. Not wilder is the unfettered birds of Spring, than “our Stella!” and as happy and gay; but, withal, no warmer heart exists, that is gifted with the true spirit of poetry—seeing beauty in everything, loving everything—yet so happily blind to the trifling annoyances which make some of us so wretched. Ever full of mingled mischief and sentiment, she is at once my tormentor—and my particular affection. If I am sad, she ascribes so many queer causes for my sorrow, that I must needs laugh until I am quite recovered; am I gay, she is so amiable, and so rich in real merriment and pleasantry, it is impossible not to feel in the same humor, as if by magnetism—mine is the only word I can command which will convey my meaning—*animal magnetism*, of course. Am I really sad and thoroughly grieved, her white arms have such an endearing caress, and her soft eyes such a shower of tears—and tears look so comic on her sunny face, that between gratitude for her sympathy, and amusement at her droll efforts to be sorrowful, I am sure to forget my distress. Oh, her temperamental is as bright as June!

And MYERLINE—I know not how to describe her, who excites such deep, and voiceless affection—so much wonder, and so much love! Beautiful she is! lovely as a dream of Paradise,—but such a mist forever enshrouds her being that we may never look upon her loveliness with a careless eye. True, the dim veil which shadows her is brightened by the brightness within; but yet none dare to try to dissipate this ethereal cloud; it seems to much like the emanation of soul. I cannot tell you better how she seems, than by giving you some lines I addressed to her last evening, when, enveloped in her dreams, she sat gazing out into the cold moonlight, heedless of all the light and converse within:—

I never saw sight like to what thou art—  
A spirit so peculiar in its mould,  
With so much wildness, and with yet a part  
Of every softer beauty we behold;  
So dark and still at times, thy spirit seeming

Like waters sheltered from the shining sun,  
Hidden in the dim mantle of its dreaming,  
As if it sought all real things to shun;

And yet again, emerging from its dream,  
Thy soul shines forth, pellucid as the air;  
And oh, so lovely and so bright, we deem  
That mortal spirit could never be so fair!  
Thy thoughts, in their rare current, stilly gliding,  
Glimmer so starrily through thy pure eyes,  
Revealing glimpses of the heart's wealth hiding  
Within their depths, gem-bedded like the skies.

Thy form seems moulded in thy soul's own grace—  
Adapted to express each subtle thought,—  
So fair and lucid is thy lily face,  
Thy motion with such witchery is fraught.  
There is so much in every act of thine,  
That tells thy soul keepeth an angel guard,  
Their glorious wings do almost seem to shine  
A glowing halo round their lovely ward.

Alas! when I do gaze on thee, my spirit  
Longeth for Paradise, and vaguely dreams,  
Wondering if there itself will not inherit  
Some of such brightness as about thee beams.  
Surely the music, and the unfading flowers,  
And forms of light that walk the courts of heaven,  
Do fill thy visions in thy musing hours,  
So that to thee their semblance has been given.

Going to the window, and raising the curtain, which  
was flowing down around her form, hiding her from  
us, I asked her why she seemed sad. She immediately  
replied, in a tone of ineffable sweetness, *Impromptu*:—

I am not sad, but such a flood  
Of gentle thoughts arise,  
That to be gay would wrong the past,  
And its sweet memories.

So there is a past for her to cherish, and its history  
may be the subject of some future number. I should  
say something of our gentlemen, but fear if I do so at  
present, the Editor will exclude me from his columns.  
But more anon. Believe me, I send you much love.

Yours, au revoir,

AURETTA.

### The Destiny of Man:

An Original Composition, by SIMON ROSS, read at  
the Examination, at the close of the late session of  
Ashland Academy.

We cannot lift the veil of futurity, and bring forth from  
its hidden recesses the ever-changing scenes of future  
life. We cannot portray to you the trials and vicissitudes  
of that life, which all of us, in the common course  
of nature, are destined to live.

We know that we are here this evening, in the full  
enjoyment of “life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;” yet we know not but to-morrow may bring to  
our lips the bitter cup of anguish, desolation and woe.

We know nothing of our future destiny; a dark  
cloud as it were, hangs before our eyes, and veils  
from our view the path which we are to tread through  
life,—but, we know that the angel of death is waiting  
behind this veil, ready to summon us from time to  
eternity, at every step we take.

We know, also, that at most our lives are but a span;  
that from the cradle to the grave, it is but a period of  
unremitting sorrow, turmoil, and strife. We know  
that death will come—“the most certain and yet the  
most uncertain of all things.” It comes at dawn, and  
at twilight—at noonday, and in the stillness of the  
midnight hour; it comes to the infant, in the cradle; to  
the school-boy, in the midst of his youthful sport; to  
the young man, whose beauty is his strength, and to  
the old man, whose glory is his gray hairs. It comes  
to all; and although we are certain of no other period  
or transaction of our lives, we are certain of this—we  
know that death must sooner or later come upon us.

By a glance at the past, we have seen how generation  
after generation has arisen and built for themselves  
a name and a place among men, and then sunk  
down to the grave, wherein there is no knowledge or  
device.

We have seen youth in its innocence, manhood in  
its pride, and old age in its reflection, swept from the  
stage of action as it were in a moment.

We have seen the brightest hopes, and the most  
sanguine expectations of man, pass away as the early  
dew, or the morning cloud; his brightest hours of  
prosperity are but flashes of sunlight, upon his existence,  
which send forth their effulgent rays, lighting,  
for a moment, his rugged path, and then disappearing  
in the dark mazes of despair.

The passing scenes of life are but a dream of mingled  
happiness and woe, from which we will never  
awake, until we have finished our pilgrimage here,  
and entered that eternity of which we know so little.  
The history of the past is fraught with incidents of human  
life, which we have every reason to suppose,  
will be re-enacted in the future. Then if we may be  
allowed to judge the future by the past, let us, who  
are now in the bloom of youth, think of the time when  
we will be called to act the part allotted to us upon the  
stage of life.

We see around us forms which are not as yet bowed  
down with the cares which are incident to the existence  
of man; we see eyes that sparkle with the linements  
of intellect; cheeks that are radiant with the glow  
of health, and minds which have never bowed  
beneath the pernicious and soul-debasing influence  
of vice. Our hearts beat high in the expectation of future  
happiness and glory; our feet are destined soon  
to tread upon the graves of our fathers and our hands  
to sway the sceptre and guide the reins of both civil  
and moral government.

The happiness and prosperity of the millions who  
will succeed us, depend on our exertions—yes, the  
peace of the world depends on the interest which we  
take in the advancement of science, civilization and religion.

The millions who are bowing down with wild fanaticism  
at the shrine of the Pagan's God, and casting  
themselves before the murderous wheels of the car of  
their deluded imaginations, can only be rescued from  
their dens of cruelty by the exertions which we make  
in sending to them the light of the gospel.

These are duties which devolve upon the rising  
generation, and some of us, we doubt not, will reap  
the blessings of God and of our fellow-men, for the  
exertions which we make in the right discharge of  
these duties; while others will serve as clogs to the  
wheels of Philanthropy and Civilization, whose  
names shall be handed down for posterity to curse.

Some of us will be found, gathering laurels on the  
hill of Science, treading in the paths of Virtue, and  
shining as bright stars in the firmament of Fame, while  
others will drink deep of the cup of madness, and  
rush with wild insatiation down the interminable  
pathway of Dissipation and Death.

Perhaps some of us, who are here this evening, with  
hearts elated with hope, and proud in the consciousness  
of youthful innocence, may, in the lapse of time,  
become fiends incarnate, our innocence may depart  
from us, and our hands be raised high in rebellion  
against God and our fellow beings. Our voices,  
which now are heard only in the wild bursts of mirth  
and gladness, may in time be raised in sounds discordant  
as the notes of hell—laughing, with unhallowed  
joy, in the face of the victims of our cruelty, when  
they bow in supplication before us.

May the God that rules our destinies, forbid that  
any of these things should come upon us; may the  
brightest hopes and fondest anticipations of our  
youth be fully realized, and may the white banner of  
Religion and Peace float over us through life and be  
our winding sheet in death.



## EDITOR'S COLUMN.

"The only Amaranthine flower on earth is—Virtue:  
The only lasting treasure—Truth!"

ROBERT W. KENNEDY, EDITOR.

ASHLAND, O., ..... APRIL 3, 1847.

## AGENTS FOR THE AMARANTH.

FRANCIS HAMMER, of Mansfield, is an authorized Agent for the "Amaranth," for that town and vicinity.

JOHN M. NAYLOR, is hereby authorized and respectfully requested to act as Agent for the Amaranth in Wooster, and vicinity.

MR MATHEW ALLISON is a Travelling Agent in the counties of Ashland, Wayne and Richland, for the STANDARD and AMARANTH. Persons wishing to subscribe for either of these papers can give their names to Mr ALLISON, with a perfect assurance that all money paid to him for our use will be promptly paid over to us.

MR ALLISON is also an Agent for Edward Walker's Pictorial Publishing Establishment, New York City, and will receive subscriptions for the "STATESMAN'S MANUAL," the "WAR OF INDEPENDENCE," DOWLING'S "ROMANISM," and various other important works.

We have given up OUR COLUMN, in this number to our correspondents; and we very willingly relinquish it, for the reason, that we have not had time to write any thing. We, like many of our neighbors, have been "moving," which we hope, will be considered a sufficient excuse.

Several original articles intended for this number of the AMARANTH, have been crowded out for want of room.

Original.

## Grammar-Land.

THERE is a tract of land situated on the eastern side of the Hill of Science, and in travelling through the country called Knowledge, on the road to the Temple of Fame, we must needs pass through it. I had been journeying a number of months in company with some of my friends, when we came in sight of the walls of Grammar-Land. For some time we could not imagine how we were to gain admittance, for the gates were made of iron, and carefully barred. After examining them, however, we espied a heavy knocker, and consulting together, we agreed that A. B., the strongest individual in our party, should use it for us—several thundering raps were given, but of no avail, and we were almost in despair, when some one from our ranks cried out—"What is that wringing above the knocker?" Reading it, we found it to be, "Each one use effort." We accordingly united our strength, and in a short time the gates flew open, and we entered. To our great surprise, the whole country appeared like a barren, rocky wilderness. We could see neither building nor inhabitant. This we afterwards found to be a defect in our vision, or rather because we were not accustomed to the atmosphere of Grammar-Land, for as we advanced, we found the tremendous rocks to be splendid mansions. The first family to which we were introduced was the NOUNS. They are very numerous and agreeable, and for my part I found no difficulty in getting acquainted with them. While visiting the NOUNS, I became interested in two little ARTICLES—*An* and *The*—who belonged to the family. The PRONOUNS are also very numerous; they are a sort of "poor relations," or dependants upon the NOUNS. I became quite partial to Miss PERSONAL

PRONOUN, but her cousins the ADJECTIVE PRONOUNS and COMPOUND RELATIVES, were so reserved, that, after being a few days in their society, I knew little more of them than if I had never seen them. The VERBS are very influential people; they and the NOUNS are on good terms; many of the latter govern or rule the Verbs—the verbs being agreed, while to them other Nouns are subject. The helpmates of the Verbs, called AD-VERBS, are amiable ladies. CONJUNCTIONS are a mild set; they are indeed the peacemakers of the land—bringing together and uniting those who are at variance. But my surprise at the power held by the diminutive race of PREPOSITIONS, knew no bounds. I really found that these little people actually ruled many of their neighbors, the NOUNS! Indeed the 31st Article of their Constitution gives license to them to govern in certain cases. The only individuals that I did not like were the INTERJECTIONS. I never met them on the street but they greeted me with a *Ho! Hallo!*—else they were sighing *Oh! Alas! &c., &c.* They had not brains enough to speak except in monosyllables.—They were regarded by the citizens as interlopers, who had no right to a residence in Grammar-Land. But time would fail, were I to tell of all my adventures and acquaintances in this country; I must therefore close, by advising those who have not already done so, to visit and study well the Laws and Constitution of Grammar-Land.

Ashland, O.

AURA.

Original.

## 'The Web of our Life is of Mingled Yarn.'

TRULY is life a web. Its warp our joys—its weft our sorrows. And as various colors are commingled together in a common web, so is our life made up of varied and changing events. One moment pleasures flash upon our mind—another they are hurled into the dark abyss of misery, and sorrows wild and strange brood o'er our souls. In the every-day occurrences of life, the commotion of objects by which we are surrounded, more plainly proves the correctness of the application. Who will hesitate to allow that life is mingled? Look abroad o'er the earth, and view the various changes which continually go on around us. Hast thou ever seen a fair and gentle girl, just budding into maidenhood, with the brightest prospects before her?—hast thou ever known her sun to set while it was yet day?—her heart to break under the crushing weight of misfortune? This is but one of the dark shades we are oft called to witness. Varied, indeed, are the scenes of life; for, while we glide smoothly on the stream of time, and thoughts of future happiness are filling our minds, we are cast upon some craggy rock, concealed by the tranquil waters; placed there to ensnare us and lead us astray. Here we may be left to perish in sorrow and distress. The web of life is a subtle thing. Ever changing and varying as the clouds at sunset. Now we're dancing on the sunbeams of Prosperity—then struggling against the black and chilling winds of Adversity. One day the light of health illumines our pathway, and sheds its cheering rays upon us in splendor; and while our imagination soars to after years, and happy plans engross our minds, sickness, with its devastating train comes upon us, and snatches us from the fond embrace of our friends.

Change is stamped on all things earthly; and that to which our heart is most fondly endeared, is doomed to pass away, and deprive us of our solace, and the brightening beams that cheer our progress through life. Take a school, and see what a variety of colors will be blended with the lives of those individuals who compose it. A number of young ladies may be pursuing the same branches, listening to the same admonitions, and joined in a band by the silken cord of friendship. With smiles they greet each other; they all seem to abide in a realm of purity, and a unity of mind pervades the happy throng.

Pass over a few years. Some of those now young and gay, may have retired in life, others have gone to foreign lands, or are scattered o'er the wide world—distant from each other as is the North from the South. Many have severed this holy tie that bound them, while others continue firm and steadfast friends. Death, too, has taken some of the fair and lovely ones for his own. Such is life!—now bright and beautiful—chasing the airy phantoms of pleasure and happiness with light and joyous hearts. Trouble and sorrow find no cordial welcome in our bosoms; and time rolls on, as happy as some fairy dream. But alas, the change! We are assailed by temptations, or encompassed by prevailing calamities, and are deterred in our course of uninterrupted joy, and rendered truly miserable. In the business affairs of life, the same admission is applicable; for change is universal and every thing is subject to its powerful sway. Even monarchs and kings must leave their lofty thrones of power; and others, inferior in every respect, are raised in the estimation of the world, and looked up to as wise and good. A community, in a short space of years, is changed from light to darkness, or darkness to light. Some persons, by ill deeds, are doomed to share the horrible fate of the accused; others live a life of gayety and fashion, undisturbed by the turmoils of the world, thinking only of the present—sparing not a passing thought for the future. Thus they live, and thus they are consigned to the narrow tomb, and we shut our eyes upon their everlasting destiny. Some spend their time in promoting good to their fellow men—in piety and teaching piety to others. These are the shades of light that blend with the other colors of our frail existence. The different events which compose life, are as easily changed or utterly destroyed as the slender threads of which a common web is composed, and we can say, in sincerity and truth, that "human life is a web."

K. E. L.

Selected.

IN a recent conversation between two gentlemen, on the subject of sitting up at night with the sick, one of them remarked that he could not stand "sitting up," to which the other gravely replied, that he did not mind "sitting up," if he could "lie down."

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.—Intending to put down the word heterogeneous, the printer had at "whit-a-rogue-genius."

TRIFLING with reputation is like changing a hoarded guinea; the moment it is broken in upon—its gone.

WHENEVER we drink too deep of pleasure, we find a sediment at the bottom, which pollutes and embitters what we relished at first.

Sir Isaac Newton was a poet as well as a mathematician and philosopher. The following is the true language of poetry: "The grain is God's bounty, and the flowers are his smiles."

Why are we led to infer that David and Joshua were intemperate men?

Because David, when he went out to meet Goliath on the field of honor, "took a sling;" and Joshua, previous to his attack on the walls of Jerico, "took a horn," and gave a "regular blow-out."

"A little more animation, my dear," whispered Mrs. B. to the gentle Susan, who was walking languidly through a quadrille, at a party. "Do leave me to manage my own business, mamma," replied the provident nymph; "I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a married man." "Of course not, my love; but I was not aware who your partner was."

Original.

**Letter from Miss "S. Orphelina Lundy,"  
IN REPLY TO "POLLY WALKER."**

NEW YORK CITY, March 31.

Dear Polly:—You were very kind indeed for writing me a letter, and telling me about your Mexican ladies, especially your belle Miss S. She most certainly is a very charming creature. Your Uncle's house and garden must look beautiful, his mechanic potatoes I suppose are rare flowers. I think the Battery is as pleasant as your turpentine walks. You requested me to give you a description of New York, and an account of the different places of amusement. I will, and you may then judge for yourself, whether they are any thing in comparison with your Mexican entertainments. The most public place of resort, is the Battery, which covers about ten acres of ground, and is said to be the most delightful ground in the city.—It is diversified with plots of grass and gravel walks, and is rendered shady by the weeping willow, the elm, the sycamore, and other trees. Seats are also provided for the weary and those who wish to lounge and look over the spacious bay. It is delightful on a summer afternoon, to watch the vessels of all kinds, as they glide by; and on Sabbath, after church, to behold the crowds of people of all classes, ages and sex, all in their Sunday best, enjoying the delightful air of the Battery, is truly interesting. The Bath house is situated near, and is so constructed that it raises and falls with the tide. There is a large gallery around it, and small closets. It is quite diverting when filled, to see the different costumes; they wear oil cloth caps on their heads, and some have gowns of the same, and you would laugh to see them fill their ears with cotton just before diving in. Numbers of children may be seen, some laughing, some screaming, and others just jumping in, with nothing around them but their life preservers.

The Castle Garden is constructed in the same manner, and is very large and showy. It is three or four stories high, and around each is a porch with railing. Of late it is considered quite a source of amusement to visit the reservoir, which are situated near 4 miles from Broadway. The larger one covers about 60 acres of ground, the smaller one 20. The larger has about 20 feet of water, and the walls are so wide that 4 carriages can ride on them abreast. The water is conveyed by means of a covered aqueduct of strong mason work, to a rise of land called Murrey's Hill, from whence it is distributed through the city, and is exceedingly pure and soft. It is also made to contribute as a source of pleasure by means of the fountains. There are three in New York. The Bowling green, the Park, and the name of the other I do not recollect. The Bowling green is the most popular; it is shaded with trees and covers about one acre of ground, the water when in its full strength rises to the height of 60 feet. In the centre is a huge pile of stones through which the water spouts. It is all enclosed by an iron fence, the balls of which were broken off in time of the revolution, to shoot at the enemy. The fountain has been there only about 4 years. One evening we had quite an entertaining feat; the Gents illuminated the fountain with different kinds of gases, and they assumed all the colors of the rainbow. At times there might have been seen several dozen fire balls of various colors among the trees, which made them look as if they were on fire. The sky-rockets were thrown to a great distance and did indeed look beautiful. There were about thirty thousand people in attendance, and it is said to have been the most splendid fire works ever exhibited in America and cost from 20 to 30 thousand dollars. There are five theatres, but I have not visited any of them yet, nor do I think I shall, for I do not approve of them. Oh! I had almost forgotten to tell you about the splendid party we had at Mr Lindley's last eve. I think our belle rather out-

did Miss S. She was dressed in a robe of white satin, and over that was thrown a gown of silk lace worked beautifully, which was looped up with moss roses.—Her raven hair was not curled with pipe stems, but hung in massive ringlets o'er her snowy neck; on her head she wore a coronet of diamonds; her feet were encased in small white satin slippers, and her arms were encircled by a diamond bracelet. There were many others that were dressed as gay, but none were so handsome. I suppose the gents were all about as handsome as your Cousin Samuel. I am getting my letter rather lengthy, so I must close. I will finish the description of New York in my next.

Your dear cousin,

S. ORPHELINA LUNDLY.

Original.

**What is Life?**

LIFE is but a bubble, fleeting, changing, on the great ocean of human existence. One day riding on the tempestuous billows, subject to the most thrilling scenes and dangers, liable to sink beneath the boisterous turmoils which rage around it. The next day it may be seen sporting in the gentle gale, and sailing on the peaceful wave, surrounded by every thing that could conduce to happiness, with bright prospects, a clear sky and the rays of the orient sun pouring obliquely on the gentle billow, or the beams of the pale moon throwing their gentle effulgence over nature's vast domain, accompanied by a thousand glittering stars. Again we see it subject to raging disease, and all the pains and sufferings which can torture the human system; a sickly glow may be seen depicted on the countenance of the sufferer. Some blind, some deaf, some frantic, some lame, some with a hand or foot off, may be seen passing along through the busy company, journeying through life.

The monarch is clothed in royalty to-day, with a glittering diadem upon his brow gleaming with a thousand sparkling diamonds, with which it is bedecked, and holding in his hand the sceptre of nations; surrounded by ten thousand admiring courtiers, who laud his deeds, extol his virtue to the skies, and seem to pledge eternal friendship. But his sceptre falls, his robes drop off. The diadem is snatched from his brow, by some more daring spirit. His influence is gone. His immense wealth is no more. His friends forsake him. He is in rags. He is incarcerated in a loathsome prison—all have forgotten him.

Nor less changing is the history of the man of wealth: another snatches the shining dust from his coffers and bears it triumphantly away, but to be bitten more severe by the serpent avarice, which will wind its deadly folds close around and sink deep in his vitals its poisonous fangs. To-day we see the student pouring eagerly over his books in quest of knowledge. He dreams of after greatness, and proudly hopes that he may wear laurels fresh from old fame, drink at the fount of everlasting remembrance, ascend to the summit of national fame, stand upon its lofty pinnacle, and enroll his name among the most renowned. But alas! for him there is a tale of sadness. He grows pale, and nervous. Consumption is eating slowly, but deadly at his vitals. The hectic glow upon his cheek assumes the hue of health, while raging disease lurks within. The brittle thread is cut. His prospects are blighted, and he sinks into forgetfulness.

The Lawyer, Doctor and Preacher accompanied by the Statesman, are hastening along with colossal strides toward the summit of eternal fame. But alas! "few! very few there are" who are fortunate enough to win the precious pearl. For the Statesman to day stands upon the pinnacle of praise, elevated high in office, but by some misdeed, or freak of fortune, he is hurled from his lofty eminence, and buried in perpetual shame. The Orator with his thrilling peals of eloquence entertains his thousands to-day, to-morrow

his theme is treason, and he is exiled or guillotined.

The hero fights across the field of battle to-day, and his heart beats high in anticipation of future greatness, when millions shall be subject to his nod and bow and kiss his sceptre and yield to his imperious mandates. But despotism is but of short duration. He loses a battle, a province revolts, civil war commences, the state presents one great scene of commotion, he is dethroned, beheaded, imprisoned, or wanders an exile in far distant lands.

Such is the history of the millions that now inhabit the earth, who seem to be moving in a vast phalanx towards the tomb, and will soon tumble into it, and be covered with oblivion's wave. Oh! chilling thought! Perhaps some engraved monument or tombstone may mark for a while the place where their bodies rest, but the ravages of time will wear it away and leave no trace of it for kindred descendants to visit and drop the briny tear. Perhaps for a little while the weeping willow, shaken by the passing breeze, may bend mournfully over the spot where we lie; but the worm of time will eat at its heart, and it will die.

Ashland, O.

G. W. H.

**THE HUMORIST.**

A DISCIPLE OF SHAKESPEARE.—"Ha! is that a dagger I see before me?" said a young actor, who was practising histrionics in his attic. "No sir," said his landlord's red haired daughter, "its only mamma's bill for seven weeks' board and washing!"

VALENTINES.—The Home Journal publishes two or three columns of Valentines. There is epigrammatic point in the following:—

TO MISS —

Ah, trait'ress fair, coquett no more;  
Your beaux have turned their backs, I see;  
But you had turned their heads before—  
And now they're as they ought to be!

At a debating school down east, the question, "Ought a fellow to goarter a Gal arter she's gin him the mitten!" was "very ably discussed," affirmatively and negatively, and after due consideration and reflection by the President, decided that he "hadn't oughter."

The Debating Society of Spring Garden, has recently, after a very animated discussion on the question, "Whether any Gal has a right to say no after she is axed," decided nem. con. that "she haint."

PARAPHRASE.—The popular melody, of "Dance, boatmen, dance! dance all night, till broad day-light, and go home with the girls in the morning," is thus rendered into prose:

"Mingle in the mazes of the dance, thou knight of the oar, while the resplendent luminary of the day has withdrawn his light from the earth—till bright Aurora gilds the eastern sky with golden light—and then, with thy characteristic gallantry, accompany the fair and unsophisticated participants of thy pleasure to their parental mansions."

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